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Upton Sinclair's Jungle

Michael Bergbauer

(Read to "Welcome to the Jungle" by Guns 'N' Roses)

In Upton Sinclair's jungle
There are no fun and games.
America promises "anything you want,"
If only you know the names.
But the people cannot find
What it is they need.
They do not have the money
And are wasted by disease
In *The Jungle*,
Upton Sinclair's jungle,
It'll bring you to your shuh nuh nuh nuh knees, knees.
I wanna watch you read.

In Upton Sinclair's jungle,
They work from day to day.
In the factories where the meat bleeds,
They work without no play.
The rich men think them churls,
Dismiss'n' them with ease.
Keep them workin' through the night
'Cause they practically work for free
In *The Jungle*,
Upton Sinclair's jungle,
Consider my, my, my, my socialist regime.
I, I wanna abolish greed.

In Upton Sinclair's jungle,
It gets worse there everyday.
There are metaphors in the animals
For the people in the fray.
They get hungry for what they see,
But avoid the potted meat.
They can't afford anything they want
Unless they steal it (that's free)
In *The Jungle*,
Upton Sinclair's jungle,
It'll bring you to your shuh nuh nuh nuh knees, knees.
These people are in need.

And when you're drunk you never
Ever want to go home, go home, go home, yeah!

You know what this is?
It's like four hundred pages, baby.
You're gonna die.

Reading *The Jungle*,
Upton Sinclair's jungle,
It'll bring you to your shuh nuh nuh nuh knees, knees.
In *The Jungle*,
Upton Sinclair's jungle,
Join my, my, my, my socialist regime.
The Jungle, in his jungle,
It'll bring you to your...
The living standards will make you frown!